Still, Still With Thee
STOWE 11, 10, 11, 10

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
   When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
   Fairer than morning, lovinglier than the daylight,
   Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

2. Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
   The solemn hush of Nature newly born;
   A lone with Thee in breathless adoration,
   In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3. Still, still with Thee! As to each newborn morning
   A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
   So doth this blessed consciousness, a waking,
   Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heav'n.

4. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
   Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
   Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er shading,
   But sweet still, to wake and find Thee there.

5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
   When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
   O, in that hour, fairer than day light dawning,
   Shall rise the glorious thought: I am with Thee! Amen.

Words: Mrs. Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe (1812-1896), 1865
Music: George Henry Morse (1853-?), 1893